

Meant To Be Yours

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Meant To Be Yours

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

So Karl, who couldn't stand to walk away when Nick, someone he didn't even know, looked so upset, pulled his note back out of his pocket and shook his head.

"I have one for a Nick, too. Sorry," he said, eyeing the table.

The name must have been right, because the guy who had previously been hunched over, sat up ramrod straight and stared right at Karl-

- and Jesus, Karl fell in love.

OR

Karl is too kind for his own good and ends up falling in love.

Notes

all parts are connected, so please do read all of them! and don't subscribe to the individual stories - subscribe to me or the series! otherwise you might miss updates :)

title from meant to be yours from heathers the musical (not the right vibe perhaps, but karl is meant to be sarnaps)

you wanted karlnap so i am givin you karlnap ;D

this has 5 parts and there's probably gonna be one every day :) some parts might be shorter and some might be longer. we're basically gonna follow karl as he falls in love with sarnap over the course of five months hahaha.

the timeline might be a bit confusing, i know. but basically, the first and second story are set just at the end of February, and the third one is set around the end of march!

if u have questions, don't be afraid to ask them!

I've forgotten to say this in the other ones, but... plz do read the other parts before reading this! it might make stuff more fun *WINK WINK* as this story progresses. also. how did this go from a Mcdonalds au to... cliché high school fic with secret relationships and football players?

ENJOY!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

December

DECEMBER

Every year, just before Christmas break, their school did the whole... candy-gram bullshit. And Karl, vice president of the student council, was tasked with making sure the candy canes got to the right people.

He'd spend the last day of school before the break frantically running around with a basket overstuffed with brightly coloured candy canes on his arm.

For the most part, it went on without a hitch. Karl would knock on a classroom door and watch the students explode with excitement as he entered. He'd parade up and down the rows of desks giving out the red and white peppermint canes. The students whispered amongst themselves, glancing around. The avid gossipers always had a field day - trying to make stories out of everything.

Sometimes, though, there was the *"wait, are you sure you didn't miss me?"* which made everything incredibly awkward.

During his lunch period, Karl was doing his round in the cafeteria, handing out candy canes to the people he recognised from his list. Despite knowing he'd have to do it eventually, Karl dreaded walking up to the football players and giving them theirs. It almost always created a commotion, and Karl hated that he always ended up in the centre of it.

The brunet looked over to the table where a group of guys all wearing letterman jackets were sitting. With a deep breath, Karl steeled himself and set off towards their table.

He cleared his throat when he was close enough, effectively catching their attention, and they all turned to look at him. All of them except *one*. The guy had his back turned to Karl, and his face tilted down.

One of them, a tall blond who Karl recognised from work and knew went by Dream, smiled at him. "Hey. Is it the candy cane thing?"

"Yeah. I have some for," Karl dug into his pocket and pulled out a small piece of paper, "Alex, Clay- uh Dream, sorry, Luke and Sam."

“Alex here,” one of the guys said, raising his hands. He smirked a little, eyeing Karl’s basket. “If there are any for Quackity, they’re for me too.”

“Oh! Okay,” Karl smiled. There was indeed a small bundle of candy canes labelled ‘Quackity’. He had spent the entire day trying to figure out who to give them to. “Sorry, didn’t know anyone going by that name.”

“Are you new?” Alex - Quackity - asked as Karl handed him the candy.

Karl shrugged. “Been here since the start of sophomore year.”

Alex hummed. “IB, yeah? Everyone’s always moving around.”

“Guess so,” Karl chuckled, looking at Alex. “But I don’t know if being a student here for two years makes me eligible for *new student exceptions*. Perhaps I’m just ignorant.”

“I’m Luke,” someone said, interrupting them.

Karl broke the eye contact between him and Alex, and turned to Luke, smiling apologetically. “Sorry. Um, five for Luke,” he leaned over the table slightly to reach him, “here you go.”

“Thanks,” Luke smiled, accepting the candy.

Karl turned to the blond sitting next to Alex. “I know that you’re Clay. Dream. Uh. Nineteen for you,” he said, digging into his basket.

“Nineteen?!” Alex laughed, head thrown back. “Jesus, Dream!”

“Man’s drowning in it,” Luke snickered.

Dream at least had the audacity to blush. He rubbed bashfully at his neck and turned away from the

table slightly as he said, “oh come on now...”

Karl gathered nineteen candy canes in his hand and put them down on the table in front of Dream.

“That’s what getting women looks like, Big Q,” one of the two remaining guys said, a finger pointed at the moderately sized pile.

“Sam!” Alex exclaimed, leaning over the table to shove at him.

So that was Sam, Karl thought, which meant that he was done here after giving Sam his candy canes.

Which also meant that the last guy would go without one. He was still hunched over, eyes on the table, and something told Karl that this wasn’t exactly his first rodeo. The guy, who Karl vaguely recognised as a *Nick*, seemed to be used to watching his friends get showered in, what was in their eyes' female attention while getting nothing.

“You must be Sam then,” Karl said.

“Yep,” Sam smiled.

Karl returned the smile as he gave him his candy.

“Was that all?” Alex asked, eyes darting around their table. Karl noticed the way they did a double-take on Nick.

So Karl, who couldn’t stand to walk away when Nick, someone he didn’t even know, looked so upset, pulled his note back out of his pocket and shook his head.

“I have one for a Nick, too. Sorry,” he said, eyeing the table.

The name must have been right, because the guy who had previously been hunched over, sat up ramrod straight and stared right at Karl-

- and Jesus, Karl fell in love.

“For me?” the guy asked, frowning.

“Uh-huh,” Karl replied, eyes wide. “For you.”

Nick was the hottest person Karl had ever seen. Nick was all dark, floppy hair that curled at the ends and big eyes and freckles. Nick was all broad shoulders and broad chest and broad arms and big hands and pretty lips. Karl felt like he was drowning. There was a weight pushing on his chest, dragging him down and down and *down and Jesus Christ, Karl was in love with a guy he didn't know.*

“From who? Does it say?”

Karl scrambled to grab one of the candy canes in his basket. He shoved it unceremoniously into Nick’s *big, warm* hand. “No, um. Sorry. Sometimes people gift anonymously or notes get lost.”

“It’s alright,” Nick said, staring at the candy cane in wonderment.

“That’s all for me, then,” Karl chuckled nervously, suddenly in a hurry to get away from the table.

“I didn’t catch your name,” Dream said, glancing between Nick and Karl. “But we work together, yeah?”

“Oh. Karl Jacobs. And yes, but I don't think we've had many shifts together.”

"That's sad," Dream smiled at Karl, “see you around, Jacobs. Hopefully, they'll schedule us together more.”

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Later that day, just as Karl was about to climb into his car and drive home, he heard his name being called.

Frowning, Karl scanned the parking lot for the source and saw Dream, of all people, jogging towards him, waving his arms in the air.

Karl stood still, watching Dream as confusion settled around him.

“Hey,” the blond said breathlessly, stopping a couple of feet away from Karl.

“Hello,” Karl said, smiling a little. “Can I help you?”

“I just- *Jesus*- You’d think I’d have a bit more stamina, yeah?” Dream laughed. He bent over slightly, hands on his hips. “Okay, anyway,” he rose again, “just wanted to thank you for what you did for Sapnap.”

“Sapnap?”

“Nick. In the cafeteria?”

“Oh,” Karl blushed. “It was nothing. We always buy more candy canes than we hand out...”

“It made him really happy. He’s been talking about it all day, now. Usually, he hates these stupid days.”

“Guess I’ll have to give him a rose for valentines day, then,” Karl said. *Why though? Why did he fucking say that?*

Dream laughed. “Yeah.”

Later that same month... Nick started working at McDonald's. Karl knew he was *screwed*.

January

Chapter Notes

helloooo!

just wanted to tell y'all to PLEASEEE read the previous parts in this series!! they're all connected and this story will be waaay more fun to read if you have read them! also, i'd recommend subscribing to the series or to me instead of the individual stories!

a quick warning for drinking in this chapter! nothing is talked about too much in-depth but just wanted to mention it!

another thing I've forgotten to clarify is ages - anyone who's 18 or older than 18, is 18 in the story. anyone younger remains their own age!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

JANUARY

The first weekend of January, Karl went to Quackity's birthday party. He wasn't actually sure why, but it seemed like the entire school, except for his friend George, was going - so why wouldn't Karl? He was the vice president of the student council - he felt like he kind *had* to be... out there.

Karl walked to Quackity's house despite the cold weather. They didn't live too far from each other, and Karl really didn't want to drive home, or worse, end as someone's designated driver somehow.

The music could be heard from blocks away, so it was easy to find the right street and the right house.

There were people outside on the front lawn talking, and some of them greeted Karl as he walked up the wide driveway. He sent them a small smile and a nod as he walked past them, aiming for the front door.

Just as he was about to enter, the door opened revealing Niki and Wilbur, two of his friends from work. Both of them were grinning widely, clearly already intoxicated.

"Karl!" Niki exclaimed, pulling him into a bone-crushing hug.

“Hey, Niki,” Karl said, returning the hug. “And hello to Wilbur, too.”

Karl was pulled inside and to the kitchen, where Wilbur gave him a plastic cup that he filled with- who knows, honestly.

Karl turned to Niki and said, “is it... drinkable?”

Niki laughed and nodded. They had both tried their fair share of Wilbur-mixes. Sometimes, they were delicious. A perfectly smooth blend that burned just right. *Most times*, though, Wilbur’s drinks were hideous. Just because he had a problem with his taste buds and no issue drinking straight vodka like it was water, did not mean his friends did.

“It’s good, actually!” Niki smiled, grabbing her own cup and motioning for Wilbur to fill it up.

“I have to see if Tommy is alive, still,” Wilbur sighed, looking around the room while he refilled Niki’s cup.

“Why did you bring your brother to a party?” Karl frowned. He took a small sip of his drink and quickly realised that Niki was right. It was actually good. *Really good...* Which went that Karl was getting plastered.

“Because he begged me until I said yes. Plus, the whole school is basically here. He’d hate to have missed it,” Wilbur sighed. “Anyways, gotta find him. I’ll see you guys later!”

Karl and Niki waved goodbye to Wilbur and went looking for somewhere to hang out that wasn’t too loud or too crowded.

-

A few hours later, Karl walked straight into a door in an attempt to go outside for some air. Clearly, he needed it. He had been drinking for hours - first whatever Wilbur had given him, then shots with willing strangers followed by warm beers and cheap whiskey.

He laughed awkwardly to himself, praying that no one saw what just happened before he grabbed the door handle and pulled the door open.

Karl stumbled into the cold air, inhaling the crispness of it. A shiver ran up his spine at the sudden temperature change and he wrapped his arms around himself and tilted his head towards the dark sky.

“Uh,” someone said, just to his left, but low as if they were sitting on the ground.

Karl turned towards the sound and *oh no...* Nick.

“Hey,” Karl said, faking nonchalance and trying to act like his heart didn't just start racing. “Aren't you cold?”

Nick shrugged, staring straight ahead. “Inside is loud. Hot. I was sweating.”

“Can I join you?”

Nick glanced at him. For a few moments, there was nothing but silence. Even the loud but muffled music from inside seemed to fade away. Then Nick nodded, and Karl felt like he just won the lottery. Quickly, he slid down the wall and sat next to Nick.

“I haven't even talked to Quackity tonight,” Nick sighed. “He's been busy, I suppose.”

“Yeah. I haven't either,” Karl admitted. Despite being there for *hours*, Karl wasn't even sure if he had *seen* Quackity. “Have you been out here long? You must be freezing, Nick.”

Nick shrugged. “Dunno. Forgot. And I've had enough alcohol for the cold to be tolerable,” he chuckled softly.

Sure, Karl tended to be blunt, but on alcohol... Christ. It was like the connection between his mouth and brain got severed somehow, and Karl found himself talking without thinking. “I thought you'd be louder,” Karl said, turning his head to look at Nick.

“Louder?” Nick asked with a frown.

“You’re... you have this huge presence. And you’re on the football team! But here you are, sitting outside on the ground with a scrawny kid on the student council!” Karl exclaimed, hands moving animatedly as he spoke.

“I have a huge presence? What does that even mean?” the other laughed quietly, and the sound was pure magic to Karl’s ears. High and a bit breathy. Karl wanted to feel it against his skin, against his lips. He wanted to swim in it, drink it up and live in it.

Karl sighed, turning his face to stare up at the sky again. “Every time you enter the room... I feel like the world shifts. It’s like you have your own gravitational pull or something,” he faced Nick again, “you’re intoxicating.”

Their eyes locked, brown pouring into brown as they sat in silence.

“I’m intoxicating?”

“Are you just gonna keep repeating everything I say?”

“Maybe. You’re good with words. I’m not.”

“I’ve seen you with Dream, though. It’s like you... *grow*. ”

“I’ve known Dream since we were, like, ten. He’s like a brother to me.”

“I wish I had a friendship like that,” Karl hummed.

They were close. Shoulders touching, heads turned towards each other. It wouldn’t be difficult to *lean in and...*

The glass patio doors opened and Dream came bursting through them.

“Sap?!” he yelled, unaware that his friend was right next to him, just a bit further down.

With a quick apologetic smile in Karl’s direction, Nick got up. “I’m here, Dream.”

“There you are!” Dream grinned widely, tugging his friend into a one-armed hug.

And just as quickly as he’d arrived, Dream was gone. And he had taken Nick with him.

“Get it together, Jacobs,” Karl hissed to himself.

He didn't know Nick, not really. So why did Karl feel like this? Nick was, just like he'd said, intoxicating. His voice felt like the softest of summer rains - the one that came when the sun was still shining and created rainbows out of thin air, and his eyes were the prettiest and most soulful pair of eyes Karl's had ever had the privilege of meeting. When Nick laughed, the sun shined brighter and the birds sang a little louder. Karl simply wanted to climb inside of him and stay there. A forever home for him and his lover.

But Nick wasn't his *lover*.

And he never would be, Karl realised as he went inside a few minutes later and saw Nick with his arms around a girl.

-

A week later, Karl worked the opening shift with George, who ended up on the verge of tears after a customer yelled at them.

-

On the very last day of January, the student council had their meeting about the upcoming valentine's day event they were having. It was just like for Christmas, but with roses instead of

candy canes.

Which is when Karl remembered what he had told Dream.

“Guess I’ll have to give him a rose for valentines day, then.”

Chapter End Notes

hope u enjoyed this chaper! come hang out on [tumblr!](#)

comments n kudos mean the world!! (ESPECIALLY COMMENTS - i luv hearing ur thoughts!)

(JESUS I JUST FINISHED WRITING CHAPTER 3 AND SOQDHWBDBHSDHJHE
I'm so excited to post it tomorrow!!!!)

February

Chapter Notes

debated waiting longer to post this but i just couldn't wait!! so make sure u read chapter two if you haven't yet!!

AND make sure you read the previous parts in the series!

plz come talk to me on [tumblr](#)

also. no clue what sapnaps last name is... so meet nick lawson i guess

(not beta'd so let me know if u find spelling or grammar mistakes!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

FEBRUARY

February arrived, and once again Karl found himself running around the school with a basket. Only this time it was stocked with vibrantly red roses, not candy canes.

The day had gone smoothly so far. There wasn't the same amount of excited chatter or gossiping whispers. Instead, there were more tense silences and nervous glances. Valentine's day was different from Christmas; because while you would send your friends a candy cane, most people wouldn't send their friend's roses. So... if you got a rose that meant you were special.

Or at least that's how most people at their school saw it.

Karl didn't. He sent his friends both roses and candy canes, simply because he knew that would make them happy. The way George smiled slyly as he accepted the rose from a *secret admirer* that they both knew was Karl. The way Niki stood up, hugged him and whispered a quiet 'thank you' into his ear. It made Karl's day.

He was, through and through, a giver and a people pleaser. It was like his main goal in life was just to make other people happy. And perhaps sometimes it went a little too far.

Just like Karl had told Dream he would, he got Nick a rose. He wanted to give it to him when Nick was alone, just so they could talk for a while. But the day was nearing its end and Karl hadn't found an opportunity yet. So, when he spotted Nick standing by his locker talking to Dream and

Quackity, he steeled himself and walked over.

“Hello,” Karl said, smiling a little. “I have a rose for you, Nick.”

“Oh?” Quackity said, smirking. Karl had given him three roses earlier that day.

“How nice,” Dream hummed. Karl had given him 22.

Nick turned to Karl with a small frown. “You sure it’s for me?”

Karl nodded, picking one out of his basket and handing it over. “Nick Lawson, yeah?”

“Yeah...” Nick replied quietly, looking at the rose now in his hand.

“There’s no note,” Alex pointed out.

Next to him, Dream shrugged. “Perhaps it got lost. Right, Karl?”

“Uh, yeah,” Karl replied, suddenly nervous. “Okay. Well. Happy Valentine's Day! See you later!”

He turned around, ready to flee the scene. If Nick somehow found out what Karl was doing... God, Karl would feel like a piece of shit and Nick's confidence would probably be ruined.

“Jacobs- Karl. Wait a second,” Nick said, following Karl down the hallway. “Can I- Wait, please?”

How could Karl say no?

He stopped and turned to Nick who just *stood there*, a forlorn expression on his face and the rose tightly clutched in one hand. Absentmindedly, Karl wondered if someone had snapped the thorns off the roses.

“Did... Dream make you give me a rose? Is Dream the one who sent it? And the candy cane?” Nick asked, voice quiet.

“W-what? No!” Karl said quickly. At least *that* was true.

“Then who sent it? ‘Cause I know there’s not a single girl in this school who wants me.”

Karl laughed breathlessly. “I find that very hard to believe.”

Nick frowned at him. “Why?”

“Well- You. Um. I mean, you’re a football player, right? Girls like that!”

The other boy scoffed, averting his gaze. “Yeah. That’s fun for twenty minutes until they’ve taken a picture in my letterman for their fucking Snapchat story.”

“Oh. Well-”

“You know what... Whatever, I guess. But if you know who it is... let them know I’m very thankful. This year is the first time I’ve ever gotten a rose,” Nick chuckled sadly, voice cold. “It... feels nice, I guess.”

“I sent it,” Karl said, almost slurring his words with how quickly he said it.

“What?” Nick asked, eyebrows raised.

“The rose. And the candy cane. They’re from me.”

And suddenly Karl realised where they were: in the middle of a hallway. People were definitely looking. Oh, God.

“Can we... go somewhere else?” Karl asked quietly, and Nick just nodded, too stunned to speak.

Immediately, Karl headed for the student council’s meeting room, knowing that it would be empty. He glanced over his shoulders a few times, just to see if Nick was still following him. And every time Karl looked, Nick *was* there, expression guarded as he twirled the rose between his fingers.

They entered the meeting room and Karl closed the door behind them. For the first time... Karl was alone with Nick. No Dream would come bursting through the door to interrupt them this time.

“So you pitied me?” Nick asked suddenly, staring straight at Karl.

“I-” Karl began. Did he? A part of him wanted to say no. Of course he didn’t pity Nick! But the truth is that he *had* pitied him, hadn’t he? Karl had felt bad, handing out candy canes to everyone except Nick. He just didn’t want the guy to feel left out, Christ!

“I don’t need your pity, Karl,” he sighed, looking away. “I know you probably think it’s *so sad* how Sapnap is all lonely while his friends are all surrounded by girls who want them or whatever but- Sapnap- I... I’m fine. I don’t want-”

“I just kinda thought you were... pretty,” Karl said, cutting Nick off in the middle of the sentence.

A deep red bloomed on Nick’s cheeks. It was such a pretty sight that Karl felt his chest restrict.

“You thought I was pretty?” he replied, voice barely above a whisper.

“Y-yeah. If that’s okay.”

“I think so.”

They were quiet for a while, just looking at each other until Karl laughed awkwardly and sat down in one of the chairs spread around the room.

“Did anyone get you a rose?” Nick asked, watching him closely.

“My friend Niki did,” Karl replied, smiling a little at the thought of his friend.

“German Niki?”

“Yeah.”

“She seems cool,” Nick hummed.

“She’s very cool.”

More silence.

Karl felt like he should say something. Ask why Nick was so fine with Karl calling him pretty and getting him a rose. Why Nick hadn’t thrown the rose and left. But Karl didn’t want to think about it. He didn’t want to dwell on what it could mean.

“Karl, can I tell you something? Something I haven’t even told Dream?”

“Of course. You can tell me anything, I won’t, like, spread it. I promise,” Karl replied.

Nick sat down in a chair right across from Karl, who noticed that Nick’s hands were shaking.

“I don’t... When Luke and Sam and Dream and Quackity talk about- about girls. I just- I don’t get it. I don’t get what’s so *nice*. They show pictures of girls and sure, they’re cute but. I don’t get it. I don’t... I don’t *want* a girlfriend. I’ve never felt- I’ve never wanted to, like, kiss a girl. Or touch a girl, you know, sexually or whatever. W-why? Why don’t I want that? Why *can’t* I want that?”

“You-” Karl began, eyes wide as he processed Nick’s words.

Before he could get further, Nick cut him off. “I’ve tried. I’ve made out with girls and I’ve touched

them but I just. I don't like it. I don't like their long hair that gets everywhere. I don't like their boobs- which I should apparently! Luke and Quackity talk about boobs *a lot*. I just... I don't see the appeal! The perfume is too sweet and I just... there's just something off. Something missing." He sighed deeply, hiding his face in his hands. "I don't want... I don't want to be different, Karl. Not like *this*."

"Nick..." Karl mumbled. He wanted to reach out and touch the other boy. Just a hand on his shoulder. But it felt wrong. "Um. Thank you. For telling me. You- you're very brave. And valid, okay? Nick, can you look at me?"

The boy looked up and red-rimmed eyes met worried ones. "You can call me Sapnap if you want, you know."

"What do you prefer?"

"I like the fact that you call me Nick. Barely anyone does."

"Well, I'll call you Nick, then."

Nick nodded and a small smile grew on his lips. "I'm sorry for dumping this on you. I just... I didn't really want to tell Dream. I dunno how he'd react and- and I mean no offence- but I'd rather you hate me than Dream."

Karl chuckled gently. "I'd never hate you. I- I know how you feel. Exactly how you feel."

Nick blinked, surprised at Karl's confession. "You're the first one I've ever told."

"You're the first one *I've* ever told."

They laughed, and Karl couldn't help but notice how well their laughs sounded together. Like sugar, spice and everything nice; and once again, Karl felt the desire to crawl right into Nick and stay there forever.

Suddenly, Nick was attainable. He was *gay*. Or at least not into women. Karl could work with that.

But the sudden availability also meant that if Nick didn't want him back, it wasn't because Karl was a guy. It was because he just wasn't good enough.

And Karl definitely knew which one hurt the most.

-

Despite telling himself that it was an absolutely horrible idea, Karl started hanging out with Nick. A lot. And he didn't tell anyone. Not even George and Niki - the two people he'd call his best friends.

They drive separate cars to each other's houses after school and spend hours lounging in bed together, scrolling through TikTok or watching movies together. For two weeks, they essentially lived in each others pockets from the second the final bell rung.

It was the most bittersweet kind of pain, having Nick so fucking close, but still so far away that he was fully out of reach. And it just got worse as Nick got used to Karl, as he let him in. He got louder and brighter. It was like watching a flower bloom in spring, the way Nick suddenly exploded in personality. He cracked jokes that made Karl laugh so hard his stomach hurt and he smiled so brightly that Karl felt like he should be wearing sunglasses.

The only thing about Nick that made Karl upset was the way he talked about himself. The bitter words he spoke made Karl want to pull the boy into a hug, so eventually, he started doing that.

And suddenly, they were cuddling regularly.

The hole Karl had dug himself into kept getting deeper.

-

On the very last day of February, Karl was staying over at Nick's place. It was their first ever sleepover.

They'd had pizza for dinner in front of the TV, and then they moved up to Nick's room to play

video games for *hours* until Karl just couldn't keep his eyes open anymore.

"D'you wanna go to bed?" Nick asked, chuckling as he watched Karl almost drop his controller for the eighth time.

"Yes. *Please*, " Karl groaned.

"Alright." Nick turned off his PS4 and then turned to Karl. "I... I only have my bed. I kinda forgot about that. Is that okay? I guess I could take the living room couch..."

Fuck. Actually, fuck. Fucking hell. Fuck Fuck Fuck.

"It's okay. I don't mind sharing."

Nick nodded once.

Ten minutes later they were both laying in Nick's bed, which was more than big enough for the both of them.

The digital alarm clock on Nick's bedside table showed 11:58.

"I'm glad you're my friend, Karl," Nick said.

The room was dark, which Karl was incredibly thankful for because he could feel the way his face got warm at Nick's words.

"I'm glad you're my friend too," Karl replied, hoping Nick couldn't hear how flushed he was.

"Can I tell you something?"

"Of course."

And right as the clock flipped over to 12:00, March 1st, Nick said. “I think I'm in love with someone. And it fucking hurts, because I know he will never love me back.”

Chapter End Notes

thank u sm for reading!! i loved writing this chapter :D

as always, comments and kudos (especially comments bc i love hearing your thoughts) mean the world!!!!

March

Chapter Notes

alright, chapter four! for this chapter its IMPOOOOORTANT to read the other parts of this series!! if you don't like smut or sexual content, simply read until you kinda notice 'it' is starting to happen. the sex is towards the end of all three parts with not too much important plot following it!

we're at the second to last chapter!! hope everyone excited wooo.

how would you feel about the rating going up + a sex scene in the last chapter? yes or no?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

MARCH

And right as the clock flipped over to 12:00, March 1st, Nick said. "I think I'm in love with someone. And it fucking hurts, because I know he will never love me back."

Nick exhaled deeply and rolled over - away from Karl, looking at the time. "Oh, it's my birthday."

Karl said nothing.

So that was how death felt, then. Like ice stabbing at your heart and spreading through your whole body into the very tips of your fingers and toes. It was cold, and so, so lonely.

"Karl? Did you fall asleep?"

"Uhm," Karl cleared his throat, praying that Nick couldn't hear how shaky his voice was. "No, sorry. I- happy birthday. And... I'm sorry. About that guy."

Karl heard and felt rather than saw Nick turn over to face him. Quickly, Karl mirrored the position. In the dark he could barely make out the high points of Nick's face; the apple of his cheeks and the bridge of his nose.

He wanted to press kisses into the soft skin there until his lips ached and bruised.

“It’s okay,” Nick mumbled softly, his voice warm. “We’re friends, so in a way, I do have him.”

It’s probably Dream. Nick is in love with Dream.

“Still. I know what it’s like to love someone who doesn’t love you back.”

“We’re pathetic,” Nick laughed.

Karl had to agree. “Yes. We are.” *I am.*

“Can, um... Can we spoon?”

Don’t say yes, Karl. Your heart’s already been broken enough today.

“Of course.”

“Can I be the little spoon, then?”

“Yeah, sure.”

And that night, Karl slept better than he ever had. With Nick’s back pressed to his chest and his arms wrapped securely around him.

-

Karl left early the next morning. All he wanted to do was go home and fucking cry.

It shouldn’t have hurt as much as it did. They had only been real friends for two weeks, and before that, Nick had just been a dizzying cocktail of daydreams and made-up scenarios. So why did it

hurt so incredibly much?

There was no music in the car as Karl drove home. Just the engine noise and the ambience of the traffic around him. Just Karl and his soft sniffles as he frantically wiped away the tears that slipped down his flushed cheeks.

It shouldn't have hurt as much as it did, but Karl felt like he'd just had half his soul cut out. Nick was still his friend, there was no need for the dramatics, not really. Just like Nick had said they were friends, so in a way Karl still had him.

-

6:00 pm, March 2nd

Karl

hey

Nick

'sup :)

Nick

is everything okay?

Karl

yeah everythings fine

Karl

i just wanted to say that if u ever like

wanna talk about that guy ur into

then u can

Karl

like i said im in a kinda similar situation
and its driving me insane

Nick

oh

Nick

thx karl :)

Nick

i dont really know how to describe
what im doing to stop The Pain

Nick

lmao

Nick

i dont think im coping with my
unrequited love the way youre
supposed to

Karl

i dont think i am either

Karl

i daydream

Nick

lol same

Nick

its sad when theyre so close but

like just out of reach

Karl

do u know if he's gay?

Nick

he is.

Nick

which...

Nick

makes it even worse

Karl

lol

Karl

my dude is gay too

Nick

we're pathetic

Two weeks after the text conversation that had made Karl want to *fucking pull his hair out*, he was sitting next to Nick in English. The one class they shared.

The teacher was talking, but her words went straight into one ear and straight out the other. Karl was too focused on the scratch of Nick's pen against his paper as he drew two cats sitting together by a lake. One orange, and one grey. Their tails curled together, forming a small heart.

"Mr Jacobs?"

Karl looked up. "Huh?"

"Are you feeling alright? You look very red," the teacher said, looking at Karl with a worried frown.

"Um, I'm fine. I'm okay," Karl mumbled, getting even redder as he felt the whole class turn to look at him.

"Why don't you go get some water and some air," the teacher suggested.

Karl nodded and slid off his chair, trying to be as quiet as possible. He caught Nick's eye just before he slipped out of the classroom and into the empty hallway.

He sighed loudly and headed to the men's bathroom.

Absentmindedly, he wondered where George was. Karl was sure he'd seen him at the beginning of the class, but he'd left quickly after claiming he was getting an urgent call from his mother. He made a mental note to ask his friend if everything was okay.

The sound of his converse squeaking against the linoleum was the only thing that made a sound as he slowly but surely made his way to the bathroom. He pushed the door open, already rolling up the sleeves of his sweater so he could splash some water on his face.

Which is when he heard...

“Yes- God. Can I kiss you, baby?”

“Yes. It’s always yes with you.”

Jesus. Were people actually fucking making out in the stall?

Karl’s suspicion was confirmed when the silence was broken by wet, slick noises. He sighed and turned to leave.

Which is when he saw...

George’s shoes.

Wide-eyed, Karl turned and ran, slamming the door behind him.

That was George. *His friend George.* Making out with someone. *Someone who sounded like a guy.* In a bathroom stall during English class.

-

A week later, after a football game that their school won, Karl found out that the other guy had been Dream.

And his heart broke a little for Nick. It was obvious that it was Dream he was in love with. Someone into guys, someone he was close to. There wasn’t really another option.

-

On the last day of March, Karl was in a Discord call with Nick. They had been doing homework

together, but it was getting late and they were both done; they just couldn't stop talking.

Karl talked about a tv show he'd watched that week, something about robots that he'd found fascinating. Nick then revealed that he was actually a huge reader. He'd read anything if it sounded even remotely interesting. Somehow, that made Karl fall even more in love.

The calls, the constant texting, the cuddling... They were terrible ideas, really. Karl wasn't sure how he was ever going to let Nick go if they continued like that. It just couldn't end well, could it? Nick would find out that Karl had been in love with him that whole time, and he'd be disgusted and drop Karl in a heartbeat.

The call had gone quiet, Karl noticed.

"Nick?"

"Uh, yeah. I'm here. Sorry, there's a lot on my mind."

"Oh? Do you wanna talk about it?"

Nick sighed. "Dream told me something that... made me think, I guess."

"Was it about- Uh, was it about who he's, like, dating?" Karl asked, fiddling with a pencil.

"Yeah. How did you-"

"George told me-"

"Cause you're George's friend. Right."

The call fell silent again.

Then Nick continued, "I'm sorry."

"You're sorry."

"Yeah. About- Well. George... Wasn't George the guy? The gay guy you were into?"

For some reason, Karl found himself saying, "yes."

"Yeah. So I'm sorry."

Karl frowned a little, adjusting in his chair. He wished he could see Nick's face. "But wasn't- Wasn't Dream, you know. Your guy?"

There was a small pause. Then a quiet, "Yeah. Mhm," from Nick.

The call fell silent once more.

So Karl had been right all along, then. Nick was in love with Dream who was now dating George. Karl wondered if Nick somehow resented him for not telling him about them. What if he thought that Karl had known all along?

Someone laughed. It was a sad laugh: shaky and wet with unshed tears. Karl realised belatedly that it was his.

"Are you okay?" Nick asked, voice soft.

"Not really, I think."

"We're pathetic, yeah? Just like I said that time?"

"Yeah."

How was Nick supposed to know that Karl was sitting there in his chair, crying silently into his sweater paws, thinking about a missed opportunity and a friendship that had probably just been ruined?

And how was Karl supposed to know that Nick was sitting in his own chair, just a few blocks away, looking down at a bleeding ink drawing of two boys, one in a bright purple sweater and the other in a letterman, sitting together by a lake, hands intertwined?

Chapter End Notes

[tumblr!](#)

comments and kudos mean the world!! u know the drill ;)

April

Chapter Notes

JESUS CHRIST. LAST CHAPTER.

thank you so much for the love on the previous one btw omg ;-;

i debated on adding a sex scene but in the end i decided against it. it's heavily implied, but nothing is written out. i just didn't feel like writing it after all the other Emotions of this chapter. Im sure there'll a karlnap sex scene somewhere in the future of this series :)

now that this is finished, I'll probably go back to writing dnf at least for one or two stories. but i hope you will stick around for them bc there's defo gonna be background karlnap ahahahah.

come talk to me on [tumblr](#)!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

APRIL

With April came rain.

Constant rain that left Karl in a weird mood. He was moping, he knew that. And he had started avoiding Nick. Which was probably for the best.

At lunch, he started sitting with George and Niki again instead of hiding in the basement with Nick, giggling over whatever cartoon they had decided to binge that week. Which was fine, except it wasn't really. Because George and Niki were annoyed by his far-away stares and nonsensical replies. The first few days, they had been kind, gently prying few-worded replies from Karl. But he refused to let them in, and they got tired of it real quick.

On the second Wednesday of April, Niki snapped.

“Karl. Please. Just tell us what is going on so we can help. I love that you're sitting with us again, but I- Where were you? You just left us out of nowhere and then suddenly you're back. But now you're sad. We're your friends, Karl. We want to help,” she said, voice caring but stern in a way that only Niki could manage.

Karl looked at her friend, then at the table. Anywhere but over George's shoulder, where he could see Nick sitting with his friends.

"Karl?" George prodded. "Please?"

"I don't know," Karl shrugged. "Bad month?"

"No, that's not what it is," Niki sighed. "What is it you're scared of?"

"Did you kill someone or something?" George asked, trying but failing to lighten the mood.

"I fell in love," Karl mumbled. "And it was dumb. I knew- *Iknew* that nothing could come of it. But we spent, like, two weeks together and then I was in love."

"Karl..." Niki said sadly, reaching out to put a hand on his shoulder. She lowered her voice significantly before continuing. "Was it a straight guy?"

"No. Which is the worst part."

"Was it Sapnap?" asked George.

Karl's attention snapped to George and he stared at his friend with wide eyes. "How did you know?"

George blinked. "I'm dating his best friend."

A traitorous spark of hope lit in Karl's heart, "does he talk about me? Nick- I mean- Um, Sapnap. Does he talk about me?"

"I don't know. Dream just said that Sapnap has been sad lately."

“Well, it’s probably ‘cause you’re dating,” Karl sighed. The spark faded, snuffing out with a small cloud of smoke.

“Me and Dream? Why would Sap care?” George asked, frowning.

“Because Nick is in love with Dream!”

George narrowed his eyes at Karl. “Excuse me?”

“Don’t get mad! It’s not like he can help who he loves!” Karl said, quick to defend Nick.

“I’m not mad at *Sapnap* for *supposedly* being in love with *my boyfriend - Jesus*. Karl. You are an idiot. A fucking idiot. Talk to Sapnap, to *Nick*, and I assure you that everything will work out fine,” George said as he collected his things and got ready to leave. “Walk me to history, Niki? I think Karl needs a few moments alone.”

Karl watched as his friends left, leaving him all alone at his table. With a clear view of Nick. Nick, who was staring at a half-eaten sandwich, not engaging in the conversation his friends were having.

Every cell in Karl’s body pitied Nick. He knew what it felt like to be in love with someone who was close, too far and entirely someone else’s while really being no one’s. Well. Except Dream was George’s.

Karl *hated* that Nick had to go through the same pain he did.

Before he could do something dumb, like get down on his knees and cry at Nick’s feet, Karl packed up his things and left.

As he walked towards the exit, he felt Nick’s eyes burning holes into his back.

That day, just after school had ended, Karl was sitting in his car. He was preparing to drive home, just taking a few seconds to connect his phone to the Bluetooth speaker.

There was a tap on the window of the passenger door, followed by someone opening the door and climbing inside.

Nick.

Karl stared at him with wide eyes, fumbling to put his phone away.

“What did I do?” Nick asked, voice hard. He was glaring lightly at Karl.

“What do you mean?” Karl laughed nervously, eyes fixed on his steering wheel.

“You’ve been ignoring me for over a week. I’ve texted, I’ve called. What did I fucking do?” Nick pushed.

“Nothing,” Karl muttered.

“Clearly I did! You’re acting like we were never friends!”

“I’ve just been-”

“I waited for you in the basement. I sat there. *Three days*. Eating my dumb sandwiches thinking about yo- *wondering where the hell you were*. At first, I thought you were sick. But then I saw you with Niki and George. Then you sat with George in English,” Nick’s voice was rising, progressively getting louder and louder.

Karl’s eyes welled up with tears, but he turned away before Nick could see them fall. “You didn’t do anything.”

“*Please*, Karl. I just want to be your friend. Tell me what happened so I can... Fix it, or something. You mean so mu-”

“*Sapnap.*”

Nick went quiet, stunned by the use of his nickname.

“*You can call me Sapnap, if you want, you know.*”

“*What do you prefer?*”

“*I like the fact that you call me Nick. Barely anyones does.*”

“*Well, I'll call you Nick, then.*”

“Sapnap, please get out of my car,” Karl said, voice low and surprisingly steady.

Without another word from either of them, Nick climbed out of the car.

Thunder rolled in the sky, loud and booming.

Karl let out a choked sob, burying his face in his hands.

It was for the better, he knew that. Ending the friendship now before it became *too* much would spare them both the pain of Karl's admission and Nick's rejection. So why did it hurt so fucking much then? If it was for the better?

-

It rained the next day too.

Karl contemplated not going to school. His stomach rolled at the thought of seeing Nick. But he knew his parents wouldn't let him stay home if he didn't have a fever, so he got out of bed and pulled on the first pair of jeans he saw on his floor, along with a hoodie.

It wasn't until he was parked outside school he realised the hoodie was Nick's.

"You're pathetic, Karl," he whimpered to himself, staring down at the familiar print of the black hoodie. "Fall in love with the first guy you..."

Karl trailed off. Why *had* he fallen in love with Nick so quickly? He remembered that day in December, the way Nick had looked at him with big eyes filled with surprise and hope - a feeling of being wanted. Needed. He remembered the party in January, where he'd only gotten to talk to Nick briefly, but gotten to know so much.

Nick was intoxicating. He was everything. He was soft summer rain that created rainbows in the air, he was the tingle of flowers and grass against your palm, he was the eye of the storm and a cold glass of lemonade in a heatwave. He talked about the world with such hope, about his friends with such love, but preferred to keep the conversation away from himself. He was kind, gentle, and intelligent. He could draw, he read books.

In hindsight, Karl thought it was obvious why he had fallen for Nick. He just wished someone had been there to catch him before he splattered against the pavement in a broken-down mess.

-

Karl spent his lunch in the library, curled up on one of the couches. He hadn't felt like facing Niki and George that day.

He felt bad for them. They were good friends. Way better than he deserved after acting like such a dickhead.

"Dream- please-"

Karl looked up from his phone and saw Dream walking towards him with quick, heavy steps, his

green eyes glaring right into Karl's brown ones. George was hurrying after, trying to keep up.

“*You*, ” Dream growled, pointing at Karl. “What the *fuck* did you do to Sap?”

“Dream, we're in the library,” George breathed, trying to pull Dream back.

“Shut up, George,” Dream snapped, pulling his arm out of George's hold.

George stepped back quickly, hurt by his boyfriend's words. He threw a quick glance at Karl before turning his gaze to the floor.

Karl stared up at Dream who was towering above him. “I-I didn't do anything. What do you mean?”

“Nick. Is not here today. *Why?* Because he's a fucking wreck,” Dream said, anger seeping into his voice. “He showed up to school with two different fucking shoes and red eyes and I had to drive him back home. What the hell did you do to him?!”

“Dream,” George hissed. “At least go outside. Don't... don't do this here. For Sap's sake.”

There were indeed people staring at them. Karl was sure he even saw someone filming.

Dream grabbed Karl's arm and pulled him up. “Get your stuff,” he said shortly.

Karl scrambled to collect his things and then hurry after Dream and George who were already halfway to the exit.

He followed them down, down, down, into the basement where Karl used to spend his lunches with Nick. The chairs they had rearranged into a little couch sat empty in their corner.

Dream stopped abruptly and spun around to face Karl. “Tell me, then.”

“I-I don’t know,” Karl stuttered, eyes flickering between Dream and George, who was standing right behind the tall blond.

“You fucking broke his heart!” Dream yelled.

Karl flinched, feeling anger bubbling in his chest. “So did you!”

Dream laughed incredulously. “I did?! How did *I* break his heart? I’m not the one who led him on and then ditched him without a word!”

“He’s in love with you!”

Dream looked taken aback - eyes wide, jaw slack.

How did Dream not notice that Nick was in love with him? It was so obvious, Karl thought, now glaring at Dream.

“Yeah, exactly! He’s in love with you and now you’re with George! And I don’t blame you for that - ‘cause you didn’t know - but don’t go yelling at me for breaking his heart when you broke it first!”

“Karl,” George said gently, stepping in front of Dream. “Did Sap- Did Nick ever say that it was *Dream* he was in love with?”

“Explicitly? *No*. But it was so obvious!” Karl crossed his arms, glaring at George.

George closed his eyes for a second, inhaling deeply. “Karl Jacobs. You are one of the dumbest motherfuckers I have ever met. *What did Nick say?*”

“A-about what?” Karl asked, suddenly confused.

“About the guy he liked. What did he say about him?”

“Just that... Well, um. That they're friends, and that he's gay.”

George said nothing, just looked at Karl with raised eyebrows. The basement was quiet, so quiet that Karl felt like he could hear the fabric of his- of *Nick's* hoodie rustle as he breathed.

Then Dream burst out laughing. A loud, wheezy laugh that had him clutching his stomach and doubling over. “You- hah- Oh my!”

Karl stared at the blonde, bewildered. “W-what? What’s so funny?”

“He’s not in love with *me!*” Dream said, barely getting the words out between his laughter.

“Well, then there’s another guy that we just don’t know about!” Karl exclaimed. “Stop laughing at me!”

“Karl! There is *not another* guy. Nick- Listen to me, Karl, Nick is in love with *you!*”

Now it was Karl’s turn to laugh. A high pitched, nervous giggle that grew into a laugh that echoed against the bare concrete walls.

But no one else was laughing.

“You’re joking,” Karl giggled.

“I have never been more serious in my life,” George said.

“What?”

“Nick. Is in love with you. Not me, not some other guy,” Dream said, a small smile playing on his lips.

George laughed a little. “How did you miss it?”

Karl didn’t say anything. He didn’t have the time.

Before he could really process what was happening, Karl was running through heavy rain to get to his car. He got in and slammed the door closed, pulling his phone out of his pocket.

2:32, April 9th

Karl

im coming over

Nick

what

Nick

why

-

Karl barely remembered to pull the key out of the ignition before he practically fell out of his car onto the sidewalk in an attempt to get to Nick’s door.

He was halfway up the driveway when said door opened, and a tired-looking Nick stepped out.

“It’s pouring down, you’re gonna get sick!” Nick yelled over the rain, arms wrapped around himself.

Nick was probably right. Karl was soaked to the bone. His clothes were wet through and through, and his hair hung limply over his eyes.

But there was something he had to do.

“I’m sorry,” Karl said as he stepped onto the porch and marched right into Nick’s space. “I’m the dumbest person alive, and I’m sorry.”

“Karl... What are you talking about?” Nick mumbled, tilting his head back slightly to meet Karl’s heated gaze.

Karl said nothing, just cupped Nick’s face gently in his hands and leaned in, pressing their lips together.

There was a small gasp, and then Nick kissed him back.

Karl felt like he could cry - standing there on Nick’s porch, soaking wet. He was kissing Nick. *He was kissing Nick!*

An overwhelming sense of joy exploded in his chest, and he had to pull back just to grin widely.

“I thought you were in love with George,” Nick said, eyes wide.

“I thought you were in love with Dream,” Karl responded, running his cold thumbs over Nick’s cheekbones.

“I’m not. I was in love with-”

“- with you.”

“- with you.”

-

An hour later, Karl had showered and changed into a pair of sweatpants and a hoodie. Both courtesy of Nick.

The two boys were curled up together in bed. Karl had his arms around Nick, whose head was resting on his chest. They were warm, comfortable and *happy*. So fucking happy.

“When did you know?” Nick asked quietly. He was toying with the drawstring of Karl’s sweatpants.

“Last day of school when I gave you the candy cane,” Karl replied.

“You didn’t even know me.”

“I knew enough. I knew that I hated that look you gave me. Like you were *surprised* that someone cared enough to pay two dollars for a candy cane. I wanted... I didn’t want you to feel like that.”

“You’re too nice, Karl,” Nick sighed.

“When did you know?”

“At Quackity’s party. When you called me intoxicating. I wanted to kiss you so badly.”

“You can kiss me whenever you want.”

Nick laughed quietly. “Yeah. *Now*. I couldn’t then. I couldn’t until an hour ago.”

“I know. I’m sorry,” Karl sighed, running a hand through Nick’s soft curls.

Nick sat up then, throwing a leg over Karl and straddling his waist. With a raised eyebrow, Karl propped himself onto his elbows.

“Stop apologising. Please?” Nick said quietly. He cupped Karl’s face gently. “It’s not like I was dropping hints left and right.”

“I know, but I made you sad,” Karl mumbled, averting his gaze. “I ignored you.”

“You thought it was for the best, didn’t you?”

Karl just hummed in response, so Nick continued.

“Every time I took longer than, like, five minutes to reply to your texts I was contemplating dropping you to spare us the pain and humiliation of you finding out I liked you.”

“What?” Karl said, confusion shining brightly in his eyes.

“Yes. I told you. So many times. We’re pathetic.”

“I think the right word is soulmates,” Karl hummed. He sat up properly, Nick still in his lap, and placed his hands on Nick’s hips.

“You think we’re soulmates?” Nick asked, his hands moving to Karl’s shoulders.

“Yep.”

Nick kissed him.

It was deeper than their first kiss, deeper than the small kisses they had shared as Nick pulled Karl into his room to give him new clothes. Deeper than the kiss they had shared before Nick almost *pushed* Karl into his bathroom with stern instructions to shower and get warm. It made an unfamiliar kind of warmth spread through Karl. Unfamiliar but exciting.

“Nick,” Karl mumbled into the kiss.

They pulled apart slightly, still close enough for their noses to touch and their breaths to mingle.

“Yes?” Nick replied, breathless.

“I want to -”

“- fuck me?”

“Is that okay?” Karl murmured.

“Jesus. Yes. More than.”

“Have you ever done this before?”

Nick shook his head slightly. “But I want you to be the first. Now, please.”

Karl sighed gently, trailing a finger along Nick’s jawline. “You’re so polite.”

“Do you like it?”

“I like everything about you.”

“Have *you* ever done this before?”

“Once, yeah. At summer camp when I was, like, fifteen. Can’t say it was too good.”

Nick laughed before pulling him into another kiss.

Nick's kisses were just like Karl had expected. Soft and gentle. Kind. Just like Nick himself. When their lips brushed together Karl felt like he was kissing pure sunshine. He felt safe there. In Nick's bed, in his arms and in his kisses. Karl meant what he'd said. He really did believe they were soulmates.

Karl broke the kiss and gently pushed Nick onto his back on the bed. He propped himself up above the shorter boy, staring down at him intently.

"You're sure? We don't- We don't have to go all the way, you know." Karl mumbled softly.

"I want to make you come," Nick said, blinking up at Karl.

In response, Karl chuckled. "We don't have to dick-in-ass sex for me to come."

"If you ever fucking call it dick-in-ass sex again I swear I will break up with you," the shorter boy replied, glaring at Karl.

"Oh, so we're dating now?" Karl's voice was light and teasing.

"We definitely are."

"Okay, okay. I won't call it dick-in-ass sex again. But my point still stands. I want you to come too. If you're okay with that."

"I'd like to achieve orgasm, yes."

"Jesus, Nick, shut up," Karl laughed. He sat back, straddling Nick's waist. "You're ruining the mood!"

"*I* am? You seriously said 'dick-in-ass sex' but I'm the one ruining the mood?" Nick grinned.

"Shut up!"

“Make me, Jacobs.”

Karl was nothing if not eager to please.

Chapter End Notes

AAAAAAA

hope you all enjoyed this little story of mine :D

thank you so much for reading and commenting and sticking around. literally means the world :D

I'm not sure if i enjoyed this dynamic more than the dnf dynamic i created but. mhmhmhm. this was so fun to write ill say that!

come talk to me on [tumblr](#)!!

End Notes

thank u for reading!!!

comments and kudos mean everything! (but especially comments. i love hearing ur thoughts and ideas)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!